

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. X.

QU'APPELLE, N.W.T., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

No. 7.

QU'APPELLE.

R. MOLLOY, Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
Qu'Appelle Station, Assa.

A. HOLLINGSHEAD, House, Sign and
Carrage Painter. Graining, Glazing,
Paper Hanging and Kalsomining promptly
executed.

CITY MEAT MARKET. Fresh Meat
of all kinds kept constantly on hand,
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uate Toronto University and Licentiate Col-
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WALTER HENDERSON, M.D.C.M.,
Qu'Appelle Station. Graduate of
McGill University, Montreal. Office next
door to Mr. Beauchamp's store.

S. DAVIDSON, Licensed Auctioneer,
For the North-West Territories
sales conducted on the shortest notice.
Arrangements can be made at my office,
or at the Progress Office, Qu'Appelle.

A. D. DICKSON, Barrister, Advocate,
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Office, first door south of the Queen's Hotel,
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In his office at the home of Mr.
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concerning his absence.

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Dealer in Canadian and Imported
Hats, Trunks, Bags, etc. Also
clothing and shoes. First class goods. Early
hours for Qu'Appelle.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
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Now first class in every respect.
Excellent Sample Rooms for Travellers.
Repaired and furnished anew.
Bar furnished with first brands of liquors and cigars.
FURNITURE ALL TRAVELLERS.
A. DAVIDSON, Proprietor.

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FOR SALE.**

The North-West Lands of the
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comprising

4,000 ACRES

Of Valuable Improved

FARM PROPERTY

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FOR SALE ON

Most Reasonable Terms.

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BARRISTER,

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IS NOW

Cheaper than Wood.

American Hard "Stove," \$12 de-
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Have a look at my Drop Siding,
\$23.

J. H. MacCAUL,

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ASTRAY.

TAKE care to the persons of the under-
signed on or about the 10th inst.,
one Bay Mare, two white hind legs, white
spot on forehead; one Bay Horse, brand-
ed X on left shoulder; one Bay Horse,
HORSE brand B on left shoulder. The
owner will please prove property, pay ex-
penses and take them away.

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TO BE SOLD.

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reasonable terms. Apply to

F. R. BLAKENEY,

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Headquarters for Stage Lines to Fort Qu'Appelle.

Commercial Travellers' Favorite House.

Bar supplied with best brands of Liquors and
Cigars,

TERMS MODERATE. PORTER MEETS ALL TRAINS.

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IS FAST APPROACHING

And now is the time to make your
selections. Don't delay. My stock
is complete in all the following
lines:

Fur Coats

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I have just received a shipment
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direct from Calcutta. Try a pound.
My stock of Groceries for the
Christmas trade was never so com-
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Dominion Pants Co.

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Station

27 1000 Samples to select from.

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FLOUR MILLS,

FORT QU'APPELLE.

Hungarian Patent

Strong Bakers

Graham

BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP.

CRACKED WHEAT.

Chopper for Grinding Feed Stuffs.

Full supply always on hand

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Support Local Industry.

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OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

ROYAL MAIL LINES.

Cheapest and quickest route to the Old
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Cabin \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80, \$90,
upwards. Intermediate \$35. Storage \$10
and upwards.

Passengers ticketed through to all points
in Great Britain and Ireland and at specially
low rates to all parts of the European Con-
tinent. Freight passages arranged from all
points.

Apply to nearest Railway or Steamship
Agent.

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Get your job printing done at the
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EARTH.

BIRD

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&C., &C.

CREAMER BROS.,

DRUGGISTS

And Stationers.

Qu'Appelle Station.

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J. P. CREAMER, V.S.

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Did you see those pretty

Baby Carriages

Where there is such a fine display

of FURNITURE, PICTURE

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No! Where is that?

At Bulyea's Store,

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From 8c. to 35c. a Roll

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HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30

MINUTES.—All cases of organic or

sympathetic heart disease relieved

in 30 minutes and quickly cured.

by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

One dose convinces. Sold by C. E.

Cartlew.

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Is Published every Thursday

At THE PROGRESS PRINTING OFFICE: in the

Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

The rates for our advertising space by

contract are as follows:

One column One One Three One

week month month month week

Half column \$5.00 \$10.00 \$15.00 \$50.00

Quarter column 3.00 5.00 8.00 30.00

Three inches 2.00 4.00 7.00 25.00

Two inches 1.50 3.00 5.00 20.00

Business cards \$1.00 per month payable

quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction

sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings,

legal notices, or anything of a transitory

nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents

per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each

additional insertion. Yearly advertisements

allowed to be changed monthly, if other

\$1.00 will be charged for each additional

change.

Business locals, 50 cents for first twenty

five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse

to insert advertisements of a questionable

or objectionable character.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum, in

advance; if not paid for in advance, \$1.20

will be charged. Single copies 5 cents.

A liberal commission will be allowed to

parties who are willing to act as agents for

us. Write for terms.

Address,

THE QU'APPELLE PRINTING AND

PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED,

Qu'Appelle, Assa.

FREDERICK BELL, Manager.

THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1894.

THE ORIGIN OF MUNICIPAL

GOVERNMENT.

The election of a reeve and council

being shortly in order, we have

been requested by several to ex-
plain the origin of the municipal

form of local government, under

British rule. While endeavoring

to do so, we may be in error in some

of our deductions, and not claiming

infallibility, consider ourselves sub-
ject to correction. Municipalities

as they exist to day, have a com-
posite, or rather two-fold origin,

springing in the first place from the

"municipium" of the Romans, which

may be said to have consisted of a

community having power to admin-
ister its own local affairs. Upon

this was grafted the "folk-mote" of

the Saxons, which was a meeting

of a whole community of a town or

borough for the purpose of local

legislation. During the latter

period of the Roman Republic, the

Italian towns, though subject to

Rome, retained their own local ad-
ministration; and the Romans when

founding colonies in Britain and

elsewhere, established them on a

similar basis; the word "Colonia"

implying local administration. The

Saxons when effecting their settle-
ment in Britain found these munici-
pal communities still existing

there, and under the Anglo-Saxon

government there was in the case of

shires, an officer elected called a

"shire-reeve," and in the case of

towns and municipalities a "wick-

gerefa," town reeve or port-reeve

through whom the revenue of the

state was collected. The word reeve

("reeve") meaning steward or

bailliff. After the Norman conquest

a viscount was placed over the

shires and a king's bailliff over the

municipalities, the office of bailliff

being often let or farmed out to the

highest bidder. The municipalities

not relishing this gentleman, in

many cases offered the king more

money than he could collect through

this officer, and in return received

charters making them their own

local rulers as long as they con-
tinued to pay the sum agreed upon.

They now once more elected their

own chief officer, calling him in

most instances by the Norman

name of "mayor" (chief officer) in

preference to the somewhat obnox-
ious one of bailliff, and he it was

who collected the taxes and re-
turned them to the king. The

original "folk-mote," or meetings of

the community, took place every

week, for the enacting of local laws,

levying taxes, administration of

justice, etc., etc., and were mostly

held in the open air, but sometimes,

as in the case of London, in a build-
ing, the place being called a "hus-

ting," or common hall; the Norman

word "ting" meaning a judicial or

deliberative assembly—hence our

present word hustings. Amongst

the early Saxons the affairs of each

tribe were directed by the "ealdor-

man," "eldestman or chief," and this

position being hereditary, a species

of nobility was established, from
whence our present title of earl
originated. After the Danish inva-
sion the word "eorl or earl" lost its
original signification, and was ap-
plied to an official position from
which is derived our present word
"alderman." Districts were, for the
purpose of taxation, local govern-
ment, etc., divided up into hun-
dreds, but there is considerable
doubt as to what these hundreds
originally were; some suppose each
hundred to have been made up of
100 families of free men; and the
hundreds of Northamptonshire con-
sisted of 100 hides of land, equal to
12,000 acres. These were sub-
divided into "tithings or tithings"
—synonymous with "wards"—the
members of which went perpetual
mutual security for each other's
good conduct, payment of fines,
penalties, etc. The "gilds" of the
Anglo-Saxons had a heathen origin
in connection with sacrifices, then a
principal feature of public ben-
eficence, and were called amongst
Christians "devils' gilds." These
were eventually converted into
Christian institutions, and even
ecclesiastical gilds. In London
there were "fish gilds" or "peace
gilds" formed for the preservation
of peace, mutual protection, pre-
vention of crime, etc., etc. The title
to the freedom of a borough might
be acquired by birth, appren-
ticeship and marriage, and carried
rights to the exclusive exercise of
trading, manufacturing, etc. As
towns increased in size and wealth,
trade gilds were formed, through
which admission was had to the
general franchise of the munici-
pality. The richest and most influ-
ential persons being generally cho-
sen to the chief places in the munici-
pal councils, they often tried to
usurp permanent authority. The
Crown, "especially during the reigns
of Edward VI, Mary, Elizabeth, and
later on the Stuarts," for ulterior
reasons encouraged these endeavors,
and in many of the charters expres-
sly vested the local government
in small councils originally nomi-
nated by the government, and so be-
came afterwards self-appointed. Matters
stood in this unsatisfactory condi-
tion until the reign of William IV,
when the king issued a special com-
mission to inquire into the state of
municipal corporations in England
and Wales, and in 1835 Lord John
Russell brought in a bill to remedy
the defects complained of, and an
act of parliament was passed for
the regulation of municipalities.
The principal feature of this act was
the rendering

from nearly a montian Switzer-
 land quietly from place to place,
 enjoyng the beauty of it,
 all the more because of Uncle
 who was like a walking encyclo-
 pedia of me all I wanted to know
 anything and everybody, talking
 faithfully about Voltaire, Rousseau,
 and all the Lake Lemau poets and
 and, and quoting whole pages of
 the Alps and glaciers.
 I never had no more nervous
 night in Paris. She seemed
 happy, and pleased with my
 of everything. Sometimes a
 melancholy would creep over her
 of years ago when she had
 these places with my father, and
 days when she had a little air
 were weary of life, in spite of the
 watched her footsteps and wrap-
 and like an atmosphere. I won-
 dered like Uncle Ambrose, who
 in intensely in his devotion to my
 wish shows itself in every act of
 life; and yet his affection is never
 it never touches the ridiculous,
 of few people at the hotel where
 I guessed that they were a honey-
 couple. Mother silent and reserved
 dangers, and Uncle Ambrose, with
 a thoughtful air of a student. At
 at Geneva, there were some
 who were very much impressed
 and out who he was. I heard
 about his books one evening
 dining-room when I was looking
 the Taine's novels. I felt quite
 think that the man they were
 was the man who had stooped
 high estate to educate me.
 whether it was for mother's
 other he worshiped her from the
 thing, even in my dear father's
 with the same worship that he
 now—a hopeless, distant love in
 without expectation or thought
 I can but think that it may
 me, that no lesser feeling would
 as learned a man to devote
 the training of an ignorant little
 I learned that the secret of my
 wish was revealed to me. It hap-
 pened the day before yesterday, and
 as it was it was again so. I was
 so with the novelty and delight of
 of a country until then, that I
 and time to open my diary after
 (clear), but now I come to the
 relief from my pent-up agony. I
 and one happy moment since that
 and yet I have been obliged to
 happy as ever, for fear my mother
 out what I am brooding upon,
 and of the great sorrow of
 in, what a sorrow it must have
 been to her! I was so cruelly
 it to me that she could ever smile
 as any pleasure or like, or think
 except that one dreadful fact,
 now how my father died—why
 died away from without an
 and that was all. There was
 of an unknown hand; and that his
 walking about the earth at this
 covered and unspanned, unless
 as he fell upon the wretch
 and that was all. And then the
 as the Switzerland, at Lu-
 weather was lovely, and we
 day on the lake, and in the
 dinner we all went out to the
 and the music playing under the
 lake, and I thought of that
 story of Tolstoy's—not the poor
 and the cruel crime at the
 away, who later on applied
 and that was all. And then the
 went strolling about the town,
 the story of the story followed him
 back to the Switzerland and
 the champagne, much to the in-
 of the company in the coffee-
 and Uncle Ambrose of Tolstoy's
 which we had read together. We
 ing in the deep shadow of the
 and that was all. And then the
 playing upon the Streichtr
 others sang.
 and Uncle Ambrose and my mother
 turn on the quay, leaving me
 away, who later on applied
 and that was all. And then the
 day. They asked me to go with
 I had walked and run about a
 the afternoon, at Altdorf and
 and I told mother I was tired,
 and that was all. And then the
 sitting in a dark corner, enjoyng
 and unobserved by anybody.
 two rows of people in front of
 who she is?" asked my mother
 near me, as my mother moved
 on her husband's arm.
 name is Arden—a very attractive
 she not?" returned his compa-
 nion's handsome? But don't you
 know that the man she is walking
 husband, and that their name is
 saw it at the visitors' book this
 you notice another name bracketed
 I did."
 "Arden! the lady's daughter. She
 ing with her mother and step-
 father, who is about her. Three
 month. I saw the marriage in
 at about Miss Hatrell?"
 "No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 I might say the name has no
 slightest. I never knew any
 far as I can remember."
 "No, but I don't think you have
 the mysterious murder in Den-
 mark, which was every day
 at six or seven years ago."
 "There was a country gentleman
 one up to London to catch a big
 order to pay for an estate he
 and Mrs. Arden in Paris. He
 father reached London in the fall,
 money. He was intercepted on
 and lured to a lodging-house in
 where he was found next
 murdered by an unknown
 was one of the murders which
 he endeavored of the police, and
 edit upon the force."
 "I have a faint recollection of the
 Denmark Street mystery, I
 the man's name. Do you say
 Miss Hatrell is a relation of the
 man?"
 "My daughter, Mrs. Arden was
 sister a month ago, when she
 was who is walking with her
 in the moonlight. I have some
 about her. She is walking
 on the banks of the Thames,
 in retirement since her
 murder."
 "I never know who murdered
 the motive was murder, of
 a murderer got clear off with
 the form of Hank of England
 were cashed in the south of
 the bankers in that part of
 the world had heard of the crime. This
 murderer got a start of eighteen hours
 s before the crime was discovered—just
 the money of his earnings the
 notes into hard cash."
 "Were the any arrests made, or was
 anybody suspected?"
 "Oh, far as that goes, there is no doubt
 that the man who committed the so, there
 was a foreigner who took a room in the
 Denmark Street lodging-house for the ex-
 press purpose of murder. He lured his
 victim there by the use of a woman's name
 the name of some French woman of whom
 he had heard that she would be here to-
 day, and then he looked the door of the room,
 and went down stairs and out of the house,
 as coolly as if he had gone home to fetch
 his hat. He was in the room for some time,
 only going back to his workshop. This, I
 believe, is the last that was ever seen of
 him."
 "No doubt he is knocking about Europe
 somewhere," answered the other man.
 "Wasn't that the woman he here to-
 day?"
 The Switzerland would be a capital resort
 for a man who was wanted by the police.
 The very publicity of the hotel would be his
 safeguard."
 "I could and trembling while they
 talked, on I with such callous indifference
 as if it mattered nothing that an adon-
 husband and father should be lured away
 to some horrid den and cruelly murdered,
 and then the dear face came back to me
 in all that time. I could smile no more,
 could gray eyes. The loved voice sounded
 again in my ears, just as if my father had
 that instant called to me from the garden.
 Oh, how could my mother get over such a
 thing! And yet she would not that she
 had grieved dreadfully that the lady
 ever ceased to grieve. And nothing had
 been done. His death was unavenged: his
 murder was walking about the world
 without hindrance. Yes, and that man said,
 he might be in London to-night."
 I did not cry out, or faint, or do any-
 thing to create a disturbance. For a mi-
 nute or so there was a rushing in my ears,
 and the pillars of the portico seemed to
 rock and to sway, and the floor to rise
 clear again. But I felt that I could not go
 on sitting quietly there; and I started up
 and asked one of the men who had talked
 about my father to make way for me, and
 then I went to the range of stairs, and
 somehow, and ran down the steps, and
 away toward the cathedral, and then up
 the hill at the back of the hotel. I wanted
 to get away from the crowd, from every-
 one, and Uncle Ambrose, from everyone
 and ever that I would see, and I thought
 of my mother's dead face.
 The narrow path up which I went to
 the top of the hill was quite deserted at
 this time. I stood on the hill-top alone,
 looking down at the city, at the towers
 and spires, and the market square and narrow
 streets, which it had been such a delight to
 explore with Uncle Ambrose only yester-
 day, and now I was alone, and the hills
 were silent. I looked down at the city,
 and saw the hills, and the hills, and the
 crowned head above the further shore of
 the lake, and over all there was the clear
 light of the moon, clear yet soft, leaving
 great gaps of densest shadow, black depths
 and every shadow, and the hills, and the
 singly or in clusters of warm red light,
 which seemed a relief after the coldness of
 the moon and stars.
 I had noticed all these things the night
 before, but in the same spot, and now
 Uncle Ambrose, I noticed them mecha-
 nically to-night, while my heart beat loud
 and fast, with a passionate longing to do
 something, weak, inexperienced girl as I
 was, I should slowly, laboriously, surely
 lead to the punishment of my father's
 murderer."
 "How is it?" I asked myself, "that one
 murderer escapes, and that another, who
 seems to leave but the slightest indications
 that he is still in the world, is tracked
 week of his crime? What is it that makes
 the chances of criminals so uneven, and how
 is it that the police, who in some cases seem
 to exercise a superhuman intelligence, seem
 to be so often so utterly in the wrong, and
 almost to the verge of idleness?"
 I had heard this question discussed with-
 in the last few weeks in relation to a
 mysterious murder in Liverpool, and I had
 heard it discussed in the subject—a
 morbid interest, Uncle Ambrose, and
 when I talked to him about it. He reproved
 me for occupying my mind with a ghastly
 story. I reminded him that the story of
 this murder was no more ghastly than the
 story of the murder of my father, and that
 string of murders in "Macbeth," and that
 one might as well be interested in real
 horrors as in fiction. Little did I think
 then that there would come a day when I
 should find myself justified for brooding
 upon this ghastly subject.
 I stayed on the hill a long time, forget-
 ting everything except the horror that had
 been made known to me that night—forget-
 ting, in fact, all that my absence would
 cause my mother to feel. I waited for
 by the cathedral clock, which began to
 strike the hour, I counted the strokes, and
 found that it was eleven o'clock. I had
 been away from the hotel more than an
 hour.
 I hurried back, and on the way met
 Uncle Ambrose, who scolded me for going
 out alone at such a late hour.
 "Your mother has been anxious and agitated
 about you, and she is waiting for you. How
 so wise a person to take such a foolish thing
 I don't know—I forgot," I said.
 "Where have you been all this time?"
 "On the hill up there, looking down at
 the city."
 "My dear Daisy, how could you forget
 that your mother would be alarmed at your
 disappearance."
 "I forgot everything."
 And then I told him what I had heard
 about my father, and he asked him
 during all those years? I looked at his face
 in the moonlight, and saw more trouble
 than I had ever seen in my life before.
 "It would have been cruel to tell you the
 truth, Daisy. The great curse of life is
 the existence of idle chatterers, who are
 always babbling about other people's
 business. If wishes could bear fruit, it
 would be bad for those men you overheard
 to-day."
 I had never heard such anger in his voice
 as I heard there.
 "God only knows the pain your mother
 and I have taken to keep this sorrow
 from you, Daisy. I would tell all who
 know you and were about you the truth.
 We have hedged you round with precau-
 tions. And yet, in one unlucky minute,
 the prurient gossip of a wonder-monger
 from London has told you all."
 "I am glad I know," I answered. "Do
 you think I wanted to live in a fool's
 paradise?—to believe that my father died
 peacefully in the arms of a friend, when he
 was in the first of agony? You don't know
 how I loved him, or you would know better
 than that."
 "I was angry in my turn—and now tears
 came, the first which I had shed since I
 heard the story of my father's death—tears
 of anger and of grief.

"What idiots the detective police must be!" I exclaimed.

"No, they are not idiots, Daisy, though it is the fashion to call them so whenever a notorious criminal evades pursuit. There are some unconsciously clever men and women, and there are some unconsciously clever captures and discoveries made by them. But now and then they have to deal with a criminal who is both clever and lucky, and that was the case with the wretch who murdered your father."

"Tell me all about this death—every detail," I said.

"What good will it do for you to know, Daisy?" he asked, in his pleading voice, and I knew that he was trying to frighten me. "I was a child, and inclined to be naughty. For God's sake, my dear girl, try to forget all you have heard to-night. Think of your father only as you have thought of him hitherto. He was a man of taste and refinement, the flower of his years, and who sleeps quietly in his grave, honored, loved, and lamented. The manner of his death makes little difference. It was swift and sudden—unmerciful death, without death-bed horrors, or prolonged pain. It may have been an almost instantaneous death."

"You know all about it, and I want to know, too," I answered. "If you won't tell me I shall find out the truth for myself. I know the date of my father's death, and have only to go to the newspapers and find out the date. In a few days, and the following days, and I shall learn all the facts as they are, and I shall know that I can be learned about his murderer, and the circumstances of his death."

"You are obstinate and foolish, Daisy," he said. "It will do you far more harm to hear the horror of the past, out of your mind forever. Your father's sleep is just as sweet as if he had perished by the slow and painful decay which darkens the end of life. I wish men to die as I have died—a good old age. A good old age is as good and decayed as any death. I wonder at your want of philosophy. I thought I had trained my pupil better, and that whenever you should come to know the worst you would calm and reason. I am sure you that death by assassination is no more dreadful than any other form of death."

"It is more dreadful—ininitely more dreadful—for it robbed me of my beloved father. I wish I could be as wise to let me be with us for long years to come—but for the wretch who killed him. It is easy for you to preach resignation, for you have been the gainer by his death."

"I am so angry to think of the cruelty of my words, or of my ingratitude toward the truest friend I have in the world, after my mother. I could think of nothing but my father's hard fate, and my own bitter sin."

"That will do, Daisy," said Uncle Ambrose in a voice that sounded like a stranger's. "So long as you and I live you can never say anything more cruel than that."

"Or ungrateful," I cried, throwing myself into his arms. "I am a wretch, a thankless wretch."

He soothed and comforted me, assuring me of his forgiveness. Yes, it was a hard thing to have lost so dear a father, so good a man. I could not but be with us now—he might be in regard for your father."

"Although our ideas of life were so different—he all action and vivacity, I dreamy and self-contained—he was the best friend I ever knew. The man I most liked best in the world. Yes, I have to stand in a parent's death, gained a pearl beyond price, the one dream and desire of my life. I can never part with facts there, Daisy. You and I must understand each other and believe in each other's death and share both in the place for my dear pupil and friend. There shall be no sophistication on my part. I have told you why your mother and I have labored to keep the manner of your father's death and be with us now—he might be in regard for your father."

"You have discovered so much. I will not stand in the way of your knowing all, since it is your wish."

"It is my wish—my most ardent wish."

"Then, when we go back to England I will give you the report of the inquest, which will tell you every detail. I will give you a collection of leading articles, which will show you how easy it is to speculate and conjecture and theorize about crime. I have very difficultly managed to find the criminal. I have all the papers for you to read, and you shall be allowed to read them, but under protest. I know that it is not well for you to brood upon such a subject."

"I shall brood less, perhaps, when I know more," I told him.

And then he implored me to say nothing to my mother about this dreadful past, which he tried her so terribly.

"God knows what would happen if her sorrow were to be brought too vividly back to her by any display of emotion upon your part," he said. "She must never be allowed to talk about that dreadful time. Her life and her reason and above all in danger. Child as you were, you must have seen what a wreck she was when you went home from Westgate. You must have known how slow she was to recover health and spirits."

I promised him that come what might I would never afflict my mother by any allusion to my father's death; and then once more I pleaded for pardon for my foolish and senseless speech.

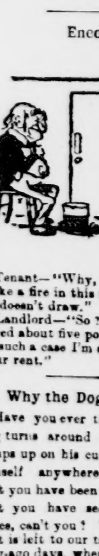
"My child, how can I be angry with you?" he said, in his grave and gentle voice, the voice I have loved from my babyhood almost. "What can be more natural than that you should love your father, and regret his loss? Love very kindly? Only tell me, dear, honestly, are you sorry that your mother has made my life happy? Are you sorry that she has allowed me to stand in the place of the father you have lost?"

I told him no, a thousand times no. Next to my father and mother, he was the person I loved best upon this earth, and I was very glad to have him bound to me for all my life in my guardianship and friend.

"There shall be no outward nearer or dearer to me," I told him. "But you must be Uncle Ambrose to the end. I cannot call you father."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Encouraging.



Tenant—"Why, I haven't been able to move a fire in this fireplace all the winter. It doesn't burn."

Landlord—"So? Then it must have saved about five pounds for you in fuel. In such a case I'm afraid I'll have to raise your rent."

Why the Dog Turns Around

Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around and around when he jumps up on his cushion or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now that you have been reminded you can recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our tame little doggies of the long-age days, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods. Their beds were then matted grass and leaves, and it was to trample over rough grass and properly arrange the leaves that the dog always trod around a narrow circle before he would lie down. The dog of to-day keeps up the same old habit, although there is no longer any need for it, and, of course, the animal has no notion why he does it.

House Plants.

What the winter house plant likes best is after it is properly established, is pure and reasonably cool air. The sort of atmosphere that human beings ought to breathe is also good for plants. Do not expose them to draughts, but give them clean air. If the house is heated by a furnace, put pans or pretty dishes of water on the registers, and the evaporation will delight the plant and benefit their owner. They will want plenty of water in furnace heat, but no rule for watering can be set up. Study their needs as shown day by day, and water accordingly. Give them all the sunshine they can secure. But the cool pure air, the even temperature, is the greatest necessity. With this, one can have beautiful ferns—the adiantum—is especially lovely—and very useful as a dinner-table decoration. They do particularly well in a room with a large fireplace opening into a wide chimney, as this generally means clean air without draught, the dead air being drawn away. There is a great deal of pleasure in rubber trees, which endure so much neglect, want little, and are so glossy and shining.

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underestimate anyone because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't overdress or underdress.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious beliefs.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman; and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world, whose life is governed by the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

Baggage for Short Journeys.

For short journeys where only a gown, a night dress and a few extras are needed, the nicest piece of baggage in which to pack them is a dress-suit case, and a many of these cases are now bought by women as by men. The next best thing is, which to carry an extra dress is one of the long pasteboard boxes in which dry goods dealers pack cloaks. These are very light, and in them gowns may be packed to better advantage than in a bag. They may be wrapped in stout paper, not newspaper, however, and carried either in a shawlstrap or tied with a strong cord held by a wooden handle. A dressing bag, or a case made of brown linen is often very convenient for wrapping about shawls or flat boxes when traveling, though it adds to the weight of a package. The telescope bags that come in many sizes and are light, stout and strong, are also very desirable for short journeys, especially for those trips when one is constantly buying something, and an elastic piece of baggage is a necessity.

Wear a Tag.

Before starting on a journey see that your name is clearly marked on some article of your clothing, as well as with your address in your pocket book. In case of accident it may be of inestimable advantage to you to be immediately identifiable. While there are frequent and terrible disasters on our large public conveyances, the relative loss of life is much less than by the older and less rapid methods. At all times it is desirable to wear tags, and if people would wear clothes properly marked or carry other means of identification about with them, there wouldn't be so many people unaccounted for, and many an occupant of a nameless car or train would be identified. Let us teach into the hands a teaspoonful of other garment is probably the surest method.

Useful Recipes.

Graham Gems.—A pint of graham flour, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking powder. Mix with sweet milk into a stiff batter and bake quickly in gem pans which have been hot greased and heated before the mixture is put into them.

Tomatoes Filled With Mayonnaise of Celery.—Select firm, good sized, ripe tomatoes. Cut a lid from the top and scoop out all the seeds and soft pulp with a spoon, being very careful not to break the tomato. Mix celery, cut as for salad in small pieces, with mayonnaise dressing. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, put a tablespoonful of dressing on the top of each tomato and serve on crisp, curly lettuce leaves.

Fruit Salad.—Fruit salad can be one of several kinds. Oranges and bananas are often served with mayonnaise dressing, as are apples, the latter being chopped very fine before dressing. In making an ordinary fruit salad the dressing is made of sugar, water and wine in the following proportions: One-half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, one-fourth cup of sherry, to which is sometimes added a dash of lemon juice. Put the sugar and water over the fire and boil until the sugar is dissolved; boil five minutes, take from the fire, add the wine, pour into a cooling bowl over the fruit and stand aside to cool. If wine is not used acid fruit juice can be used in its place. In plain banana salad orange juice can be used, when the oranges are mixed with the bananas use the juice of a pineapple. Cranberry juice is also good to use and the salad can be varied to suit, using different combinations of fruit.

Potato Salad.—The success of potato salad depends upon the potato being boiled freshly for it. A cold boiled potato does not make such a palatable dish because it does not absorb the dressing. The Japanese salad, made famous by the actor Domasa in one of his plays, was a simple potato salad with the addition of a few chopped mussels. Its success depends upon the boiling of the potato on the stage. To make the dressing, chop the mussels and add a little oil and salt. When done, drain and sprinkle with salt. Cut in small dice or chop, then dress with French dressing while hot. Let stand until thoroughly cold. Mix with two tablespoonfuls of chopped lettuce leaves and a teaspoonful of onion extract. Serve on curly lettuce.

Brown Bread Roll.—Mix thoroughly one cup of sifted rye meal, one cup of fine granulated wheat or fine Graham flour, half a cup of granulated yellow corn meal, half a cup of bread flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one rounding teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of soda. Then pour in half a cup of Porto Rico molasses and one pint of sweet milk. Grease four small baking powder cans half round size, fill them about half full with the mixture, bake in a moderate oven.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered From Various Points From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Wellesley village has a vocophone band.

Wyoming is trying to reorganize its band.

The Brampton foundry has been sold for \$6,000.

Sarnia is raising money to establish an hospital.

Fall wheat is showing a heavy top all over the country.

Two Bond Head youngsters eloped one day last week.

A 207-pound squash was shown at the last Sault exhibition.

A new church for Indians is being built at Portage la Prairie.

Orillia V. M. C. A. contemplates engaging a salaried secretary.

Some good oil wells have just been struck in Sarnia township.

The village of Brigidon has a flourishing Young Men's Society.

A 24-pound turnip was recently dug up on Manitoulin Island.

Robt. Keila, of Arkansas, has made 16,000 apples barrel this year.

The German Lutharians of the North West will organize a Synod.

Grain and fruit thieves are plying their trade around Bond Head.

The tanners of Ontario have decided to advance the price of leather.

An effort has just been made to rob Hilborn's mill safe at Berlin.

Martin & Mitchell's elevator at Portage la Prairie was burned last week.

Mr. Jas. Brownlee's house, near Eady, was burned one night last week.

Rev. James Morton and family have moved from Fergus to Toronto.

The Ephraim fair show gave a prize to the prettiest girl on the grounds.

Last week 80 sturgeon were caught in lake Erie averaging from 30 to 70 pounds.

A Yankee addressed a letter to Orillia thus:—Orillia, Simcoe County, Toronto.

Merrittion young men and boys play ball on Sunday in a ravine near the village.

The Protestant Public school in Montreal contains 500 more pupils this year than last.

Large quantities of apples are being shipped to Europe from the London district.

On account of the hard times, the C. P. R. will not build dairies in Manitoba until next year.

About 150,000 bushels of wheat have been delivered in Virden, Manitoba, thus far this season.

A Little Current, Algoma, farmer the other day dug up a potato weighing four pounds.

The interests of the C. P. R. and the Canadian West-land Departments are to be united.

C. S. Falconer, former principal of the Forest public schools, died of heart disease at Hamilton.

G. T. Falford, Brockville, the pink pills proprietor, is worth \$1,300,000, made from his preparations.

Orillia has put in an incandescent electric system of street lighting with 1,400 lamps at a cost of \$12,000.

Rev. Moore, Wesley and Hunter have concluded their stay in Pembroke and have gone to Albany, N. Y.

It is said that there is no place in Ontario where the license laws are so flagrantly violated as in Brockville.

Hamilton Bligh O'Connor, postmaster and clerk of the second Division Court at Brion, aged 77 years, died last week.

The five-year-old son of Mr. Geo. King, of Cooper's Falls, was accidentally shot in the wrist by his older brother last week.

Some botanists belonging to Owen Sound Collegiate Institute found a basket containing the body of an infant near the town.

At a congregational meeting of the Presbyterian church, Claremont, it was decided to extend a call to the Rev. W. A. Cook of Dorchester.

The Government grant of \$5 for each pupil passing the Public School Leaving Examination has netted Tottenham school the sum of \$65.

The six-year-old son of Mr. F. Day, living one mile from Greenhaven, was killed by a train while coming south on Wednesday last week.

The Pelequin gold mine on Wahnapitae Lake, purchased last spring by Rinaldo McConnell, Esq., shows four veins of rich auriferous quartz.

Frank Mills, son of Mr. James Mills, of West Killbuck, who has returned from Manitoba, took sick at Bradford and died before reaching home.

Robert Thompson, for years a resident of Woodstock, has been awarded the contract for supplying life guards to the Brooklyn, N.Y., street railway.

While working in a field during harvest, Wm. Stedwell, of Genielac, came on a wasp's nest. Insubordination he fell on his side, and, before he could get up, he was stung, choked, and the limb will have to be amputated.

Robt. Saultxworth of Rossau, Ont., shot a deer yesterday which was perfectly white with the exception of the head and neck, which were spotted red and white. This is the second white deer shot in that vicinity.

William Diamond, an inmate of the county poorhouse, Strathroy, died the other day at the age of 70 years after an eventful life spent in many parts of the world. Mr. Diamond was a wealthy property owner in London in its early days. He is an inmate of the London Asylum.

Mr. Levi Carroll, of Greenbush, declares he is 102 years old, and has lived 53 years in Canada. He was born in slavery, and on making his escape came to this locality where he has ever since been a quiet and respected citizen. He has lived for many years in an old building which has the honor of being the first schoolhouse in Waterloo county.

Orders the King to Qualify.

King Humbert of Italy owns property in the little township of Roene-Notre-Dame, in the Aosta Valley. As property holder he is entitled to vote for the municipal officers. The Mayor of the place is evidently a man who takes his duties very seriously. He has addressed a summons to "Mr. His Majesty Humbert I. King of Italy, ruler-payer of the town," in which the King is ordered to appear before the Board of Aldermen to prove that he is able to read and write, and, therefore qualified to vote. A similar summons has reached the Duke of Aosta. Both have been notified that, unless they conform to the regulations, their names will be removed from the list of voters.

A Burglar's Good Advice.

A few nights ago a burglar broke into a certain house and not content with stealing \$1,000 worth of silverware, he rifled the pockets of an over coat, found some race-track tickets and left this note on the dining-room table:

I apologise for visiting this house. You didn't win at the races, did you, old boy? The coat fits me well. Don't join the races and buy more spoons. The races have caused many downfalls. However I'll be back.

**Slapped in the Face by Her Royal Spouse
She Takes French Leave of Him**

It is quite true that the young Empress of China has committed suicide.

She was rebuked by the Emperor, who slapped her face, whereupon she took poison.

The married life of the young Empress of China has not been a happy one. The outside world knows little of what goes on inside the sacredly guarded Imperial palace at Peking, but enough has transpired to show that the Emperor, who is hot tempered and spirited, bitterly resented the manner in which his consort was thrust upon him against his inclinations by the imperious and self-willed Empress Dowager. The young Empress, Yu-Ho-Na-Li, found the five years of married life filled with discord and unhappiness until at last after a violent scene with her angry spouse she put an end to her earthly troubles by taking poison.

It was in 1880 that the Emperor married. He was then a youth of eighteen. The selection of his bride was governed by the usual Chinese custom, and the result was a tedious and elaborate process. The consort is Manchu, and the Emperor must marry one of his own race. For a year before the marriage was celebrated hundreds of fair competitors, all daughters of Manchu mandarins of not less than the third rank, competed for the honor of sharing the Imperial throne. After several inspections in which the beauty, family influence and intellectual attainments were taken into graphic consideration, the list of aspirants was reduced to 30.

The Emperor himself was deeply smitten with the charms of the daughter of a high Manchu military officer, and he expressed his intention to share his throne with her. But a leechy, from a Chinese or Manchurian point of view, and after a great many "accuses" and violent altercations the Empress Dowager proved her authority by having the marriage with her niece celebrated. But the unhappy bridegroom, unhappy as he must needs be, was not so much troubled by his wife's ill-humors as the human race, as is human and obstinate in ailments of this kind as any other lay or saint; and his marriage was the commencement of a bitter strife between himself and the old lady who had so kindly looked after his matrimonial welfare. He never got over his disappointment, and ever afterward regarded both the Empress Consort and her Imperial aunt with unsavory feelings which grew stronger.

The unhappy young Consort, who at the time of her marriage was scarcely a year old, was the daughter of General Kuai Kuai-shang, younger brother of the Empress Dowager. Ambiguities mistook and such a union was not nearly so satisfactory in its result, and the past five years have been filled with quarrels between the Imperial couple. Now the end of it has come. The girl Empress, completely broken in spirit by the humiliation to which she found herself constantly exposed, has chosen to face death rather than try to bear the burden of her unhappiness any longer.

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The Methods That Have Been Followed by the Pushing Australians.

The American Consular reports for October contain an article on the dairy industry in Victoria. In 1887-93, when the factory system of butter-making was introduced in the colony, the export of butter was valued at less than \$250,000. In 1900-9 there was an export of 6,600,000 pounds valued at \$1,404,355. Canada's export of butter increased between 1880 and 1890 from \$392,653 to \$1,390,100; so that in spite of increase, as well as in the last reported export, it is a long way behind a colony with a population less than that of Quebec. It is, therefore, worth while to examine the methods that have been followed by the pushing Australians. The butter was packed into 286,640 boxes, each containing 56 pounds net, and then chilled, frozen, and shipped in steamers to England. The ocean freight is about two cents a pound, nearly two per cent of the value of the butter. There is an urgent demand for a reduction of the rate to 1½ cents. Complaint is also made of the excessive charge of transportation by rail, a cost a pound for distances varying from 250 to 300 miles. The official dairy export visited England recently, and one of the most important obtained as to improving the keeping qualities of the butter by heating the milk to nearly 100 per cent of the value of the process is said to be still in the experimental stage; but the department hopes soon to make before the factories an article of butter making that will produce an article not so excellent for keeping quality in any part of the world. The export of cheese is insignificant, but the Government is endeavoring to encourage the industry by a bonus of \$3.49 per ton. All butter exported last season was received at the Melbourne City Council storage chambers, but the Government proposes to establish at the port of shipment a huge central chilling and storage depot for all kinds of Victorian produce intended for export. It appears that all the butter is subjected to Government supervision before export.

The Reason, Perhaps.

Ship—"I have to go to a tailor to get my coat," said Mrs. Lincoln, as she rushed madly making places."

Slap—"Why not? Won't they trust you?"

Two of a Kind.

She—"I can't marry you; you are too poor."

He indignantly—"I am no poorer than you are, I guess."

Irrevocably Gone.

"I set four pipes out to the window all night cool," said Mrs. Lincoln to her husband, "and they have all been stolen."

"Then we must number them among the

Qu'Appelle Observatory.
Reading of the thermometer for the week ending Thursday, Nov. 27, 1894.

	Maximum.	Minimum.
Wednesday, Nov. 27	27	12
Thursday, Nov. 28	28	13
Friday, Nov. 29	21	10
Saturday, Nov. 30	25	8
Sunday, Nov. 25	24	16
Monday, Nov. 26	26	9
Tuesday, Nov. 27	31	11

WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY.

	C.M.	P.M.	G.M.
Wednesday, Nov. 27	SW 12	W 8	W 6
Thursday, Nov. 28	SW 12	W 8	W 12
Friday, Nov. 29	SW 12	W 16	W 10
Saturday, Nov. 30	SW 12	W 12	W 10
Sunday, Nov. 25	SW 12	W 12	W 10
Monday, Nov. 26	SW 12	W 10	W 10
Tuesday, Nov. 27	SW 12	W 10	W 10

Local and General

WHAT WE WANT.
Men who in the last of office cannot kill;
Men who have honor; men who did not lie.
—O. W. Holmes.

The Broadview Sentinel came to hand this week nicely printed on pink paper.

Mrs. Sheriff Murphy, of Mooseomin, was a guest at the Queen's Saturday evening.

Of late, for some unexplained cause, the trains have been keeping very irregular time.

Mr. Cole, of Emory and Cole, Merchant Tailors, Winnipeg, was in town on Monday.

Andrew McPherson's Uncle Tom's Cabin company is reported to have stranded at Calgary.

Miss Ellis returned from Regina Saturday evening and went out to her home at Elgley Sunday.

T. S. Gossell left Winnipeg on Saturday last, to assume his duties as collector of the new Inland Revenue division.

For the week ending Nov. 21, the C.P.R. earnings were \$460,000, a decrease of nearly \$40,000 compared with the same week last year.

On Monday Mr. Gould, the photographer, received the sad news of the death of his wife at their home at Enderby, B.C.

St. Patrick's society of Winnipeg, at its monthly meeting last Thursday, elected Senator Kirchbiller to its membership roll.

Mrs. H. J. Saxby, wife of the popular caterer of the Sergeant's mess at the Regina barracks, left on a two months' holiday for Toronto last week.

As an outcome of the big fire in Winnipeg, it is rumored that Merrick Anderson and others will sue the city for damages. This will come touch on the ratpayers.

A union communication of the Fort Qu'Appelle Indian Head and Qu'Appelle Lodges A.F. & A.M., G.R.M., will take place at Qu'Appelle, on Friday, the 30th inst.

Mr. Ambler has removed into his new premises, which, without saying anything as to the quality and quantity of what is to be had within, certainly affords more room.

Among the passengers on the Atlantic express Friday evening last, was a party of Japanese merchant sailors, including a lady, and many Chinamen, but none were disposed to speak of the aspect of the war in the Orient.

Katie Putnam, the little favorite of all Manitoba and Northwest theatre-goers, is billed to appear in Brandon on the 29th (tonight), for three nights and a matinee. What a pity it is we are denied the pleasure of a performance here, while on her trip to the coast.

The Rat Portage Record man announced in his last issue, that as he has to attend at Fort Arthur to defend the suit brought against him for libel by Mr. James Coombe, ex-M.P., no Record will be issued on Tuesday. For this absence he claims the indulgence of his readers.

Look out for lottery tickets that are being forwarded to all parts of the country by "The Genuine Louisiana Lottery company, of Kansas City, formerly of New Orleans." One of our citizens got a package of them a few days ago. The concern is talked by both U.S. and Canadian postal authorities.

Major Jarvis, of the N.W.M.P., Calgary, is dead. The Major's short time since had an operation performed on his neck, but his recovery was not so rapid as was hoped for. He will be well remembered by all Qu'Appelleans who were with him at the time of the rebellion, being then in command of the Winnipeg Field Battery.

Lena Bender, the little German girl whose sudden disappearance caused such a sensation a few weeks ago in Winnipeg, owing to the belief that she had committed suicide, is alive and well, working for a family in St. Boniface. Lena, you should be spanked for causing your mother and friends so much anxiety.

The identity of the young man who committed suicide in a Winnipeg hotel lately, has been established, his right name being James W. Green. Several letters and photos of his father, mother and sister were found in his trunk at Lake St. Paul, which proved that J. Smith was only an assumed

name. His parents are dead, but his sister, who lives in England, has been communicated with by the police authorities.

Corbett, the pugilist and actor, will likely appear with his troupe in Winnipeg some time this winter, provided enough money is guaranteed to satisfy James' cupidity.

Mr. Sutherland, M.L.A., and wife were in town on Sunday night, seeing Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Sutherland's mother, off on her return to Ottawa. Mrs. Sutherland, Sr., has been summing at Fort Qu'Appelle, the home of her son.

A union thanksgiving service was held in the Presbyterian Church, Qu'Appelle, last Thursday, Thanksgiving day, at 7:30 p.m. Although the attendance was good, it still was not nearly as good as it should have been. Let us hope that there is not too much superficiality about our would-have-you-believe Christians.

The forthcoming election is becoming more and more interesting every day. The following are aspirants for office as far as we can hear: Reeve, Messrs. W. Henley and W. Vickers; Councillors, Messrs. J. Smith, C. Hill, Hugh Kidd, A. Webster, Robt. Craig and Angus Raymond. No doubt before the day of nomination there will be a few more embryo politicians.

A case up for hearing before Judge Cumberland at the last sittings of the county court held here which elicited from His Honor an important point which was new to many. A man engaged for a year or any number of months may be discharged at any time by his employer giving the employee one month's notice. If summarily discharged damages may only be recovered for one month's salary, board, etc. This is a question not generally so understood.—Boisvaine Globe.

The Heather Curling Club.

A well attended meeting of the above club, was held in the Leland hotel on Thursday, Nov. 22.

The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Moved by C. Bailey, seconded by J. McEwen, that J. H. MacCaul be president for the season. Carried.

Moved by A. Raymond, seconded by R. Johnston that G. S. Davidson be vice-president for the season. Carried.

Moved by J. H. MacCaul, that J. P. Beauchamp, be secretary-treasurer for the season. Carried.

Moved by J. H. MacCaul, that Messrs. Scott and Johnston be representative members of the club, to the general meeting to be held in Winnipeg. Carried.

Moved by Dr. Carthew, seconded by A. Raymond, that Mr. Caswell be patron of the Heather Curling Club of Qu'Appelle for the season. Carried.

Moved by C. Bailey, seconded by R. Johnston, that J. C. Gillespie be honorary member of this club. Carried.

Moved by J. H. MacCaul, seconded by R. Johnston, that the choice of a district umpire will be our choice, if the district medal be played off for there. Carried.

Moved by J. McEwen, seconded by J. MacCaul, that Mr. S. R. Edwards be honorary member of this club. Carried.

Moved by C. Bailey, that W. R. Allan, Winnipeg, be an honorary member of the club. Carried.

The meeting then adjourned.

Gritty Pedestrians.

Messrs. Wilson and Yorke, the pedestrian journalists, reached Qu'Appelle at about 11 o'clock Monday, and very soon succeeded in making themselves thoroughly acquainted with our leading citizens.

On their arrival they were at once taken in charge by our genial C. P. R. agent, Mr. E. W. Warner, who did all in his power to make their short stay as comfortable as possible.

The Progress representative was favored with an introduction and found them both jolly good fellows, more especially Mr. Wilson, who is gifted with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and altogether a sociable fellow; one who without any question is well able to make his way around the world, even with out a cent. After dining at the Leland hotel, and expressing their admiration of the manner in which that hostelry was conducted, the gritty pedestrians resumed their long walk, Vancouver being their goal.

Found Dead.

Wednesday evening of last week, about dusk, some children noticed a man who was leading a team of oxen stagger and fall. He was just entering the town limits with a load of wood from Balgownie, where his wife and six children reside. Sgt. Grey was soon on the scene and had the man identified as Frank Hobbie. Coroner Law was summoned and on examination pronounced the man dead. Deceased was 36 years of age.—Regina Standard.

THE MARKETS.

Wheat.—The history of the wheat markets this week has been a continual slump in prices. United States markets have made a net loss each succeeding day from Monday to Friday inclusive, though on Friday the loss was trifling. The total supply is now \$2,292,000 bushels as compared with 76,753,000 bushels a year ago. Wheat on ocean passage increased 616,000 bushels. The English visible supply decreased 430,000 during the week. Wheat, locally—The great weakness in wheat in leading markets has affected the local situation, though the decline here has not been as great as in United States markets. In Manitoba country market prices have been well maintained. At some points there was an advance this week in prices to farmers. The range in Manitoba country markets, to farmers has been between 40 and 43c, according to freight rates, most points ranging at 41 and 42c.

Flour.—The advance indicated last week went into effect on Monday, the full advance in the quotations for small lots being 20c, but most sales are being made at 15c; namely \$1.15 per barrel and \$1.60 bakers.

Oats.—Prices for farmers' oats ranged at 22 to 23c, per bushel of 34 pounds, though 25 to 26c, is paid for good to choice white milling oats. Car lots have been held at about 23 to 24c, on track here. In Manitoba country markets car lots are held at about 18 to 19c.

Barley.—Very little movement. No shipping business reported. Farmers' loads here bring about 28 to 30c, for best qualities.

Butter.—The butter market is heavy. Eastern markets are overstocked, especially for table grades, and prices seem weak everywhere. Locally business is dull and prices easy. We quote round lots of country dairy, mixed quality, at 10 to 12c as to average quality. Selections, 15c; medium qualities 8 to 10c, extra 11 to 12c.

Eggs.—No change in eggs. Dealers are selling at 15 to 16c as to quality, and paying 14c for round country lots.

Lard.—Lard has declined sharply, as indicated last week. We quote here at 22 to 23c for 20 pound pails and 35c for 50 pound pails; compound at \$4.75 per 20 pound pail; compound in 3 and 5 pound tins, 50¢ per case of 60 pounds. Pure lard sold in 5, 10 and 20 pound tins, quoted at 37¢ per case of 60.

Poultry.—Prices are easier at 10 to 11c for turkeys dressed, per pound. Ducks, dressed, 10c; geese 12c. Chickens, 8c per pound dressed; old fowl, 7 to 8c, per pound dressed.

Hog.—To-day hay on the street market is selling at about 24 to 25¢ per ton; baled hay, \$4.50 to \$5.00 as to quality, etc.

Live stock.—Cattle business is quiet. There was nothing doing this week in ship and stock. The market for cattle is quiet. The market for sheep is quiet. The market for hogs is quiet.

Notes by the Way.
"There's a child among you took notes, As faith he'll print 'em."

To the pure all things are pure, but we gather from a Transatlantic newspaper that it has been reserved for Colonel John M. Wilson, superintendent of public buildings at Washington, to make very remarkable remarks. He has found out that Mr. George F. Watts is a "humbug" artist. It will probably be remembered that Mr. Watts presented his beautiful picture, "Love and Life," to the American nation, and received a special award of 10,000 francs from Congress. It was then found out that the picture should be hung in the White House, but the committee discovered that it contained a dreadful shadow, and he declared "Love and Life" too immoral to occupy a place in the White House, and he would not hang the painting unless the President specifically ordered him to do so.

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that it is said—but remember "they say" must be taken with a considerable amount of salt—that steps had to be taken to widen the staircase before the infant prodigy could be brought down.

Strange Problem in Theology.

The Chinese have more than once served as a means for political agitation in this country. In the following wickedly amusing remarks an attempt is made to show how they may be made useful by ministers in the task of "fishing for men." The Hong Kong Telegraph is guilty of the remarks, which are as follows:—"Half a million Chinamen die every month without God," said a missionary in Victoria the other day. In other words, according to the good old missionary logic, 6,000,000 Chinamen go to sheol annually. The Chinese are a very, very old nation, which seems to have started in the early dawn of the first day, and, at the very lowest estimate, has probably been going on for 5,000 years. This means that there are now 30,000,000,000 Chinamen in sheol, and they still keep going there at the rate of 500,000 a month. There is an endless stream of Chinamen pouring like Niagara down the slippery slope which leads to the final drop—an endless, ceaseless torrent of death—with pig-tails flying behind them, a howling blast of yellow ghosts, screaming in strange, angular characters